What Makes You Who You Are

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What Makes You Who You Are

by nicci_writes

Summary

Jamie always wondered how Luke got his scars.

Notes

these two have been stuck in my head since sf6 came out and there's so little content for them. lukejamie shippers, yall are troopers fr

this is kinda part of a bigger sf au i have, where luke and jamie are dating and are besties with kimberly and juri. i may have stuff coming up for them, depending on if i have the will to make it lol

enjoy!

"Hey Luke, how did you get your scars?"

Jamie and Luke were laying down on the couch, with Luke on his back and his head propped on the armrest while Jamie rested his head on Luke's chest. Jamie had been absentmindedly tracing his fingers along the scars lining Luke's forearms.

"Which ones? I got a lot of them." Luke ran one of his hands through Jamie's unbraided hair, using the other to scroll through his phone.

"All of 'em, I guess. Did you get them all at the same time?" Jamie looked up at the blonde's face.

"Nah, I got them all in different fights." Luke turned his phone off with a click and reached to put it on the end table behind him to lift his right arm slightly. "The ones I got on my arms were from this guy I was fighting in Barmaley Steelworks when I went to Russia." He turned his arm around to show the scars, looking wistfully. "Dude was pretty fast, and his punches were hella quick. Managed to slice my arms a lot before I could get a hold of 'im."

Jamie scoffed, teasingly. "You always were a slowpoke. Still are."

"Still managed to catch you in all our fights." Luke huffed. "Maybe you should be the one trying to get faster. I'm doing fine."

"Whatever helps you sleep at night, man." Jamie rolled his eyes before sitting up next to Luke's side and tracing the scar lining from blonde's left jaw up to his cheek. "How'd you get this one?"

"Oh, that?" Luke chuckled as he raised a hand to rub at the scar. "Got that when I was trying to reach for a wrench to fix up a friend's motorcycle. Toolbox was pretty high up and it was metal, and the corner cut my face when it fell."

"You're an idiot." Jamie said bluntly. "You couldn't get a stepstool or something?"

"I thought I could get it, ok?"

Jamie raised a hand to gently brush against the long, jagged scar over Luke's right eye and cheek. "What about this one? Looks pretty gnarly."

Immediately, Luke averted his eyes from Jamie and tensed. Jamie softened his gaze and cupped Luke's face in his hands.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't wanna, babe."

"No, I do want to. It's just...not a good memory, y'know?" Luke sighed, blue eyes boring into brown ones as he covered Jamie's hands with his own, larger ones.

"I got that one in Nayshall. You heard about that tournament?"

Jamie tilted his head curiously. "You mean the whole thing with, what's his face? Ken Masters? And how he was accused of supporting extremists and stuff, but it ended up being all wrong?"

"Yeah, that." Luke's grip tightened over Jamie's hands. "Not really supposed to say much about it, but I was escorting his son to the tournament, and right before it started, he ran onto the stage and tried to pick a fight with the guy running it. I thought he was a terrorist at the time and uh, I charged after him."

Luke laughed hollowly. "Masters threw a fast hit at me and sliced my eye up real good."

"The fuck? He went right for your face?"

"Yeah, he did. Pissed me off." Luke sighed. "But I can't really get that mad about it anymore. He went through a lot of shit, and I can't blame him for being that reckless - especially with his son on the line."

Silence hung over them. Jamie had only seen what was broadcasted to the public about the Nayshall incident - from the hackers' video, the news reports, and livestreams - but he never got the full picture. He couldn't imagine how horrible Luke must've felt during the whole ordeal, having to protect a kid whose dad was possibly a criminal in a country on the brink of rebellion.

"It's a pretty ugly lookin' scar, huh?" Luke laughed half-heartedly, shying away from Jamie's eyes. "I really hoped it would heal over, but that kinda cut doesn't go away."

"I don't think any of your scars look ugly. They're who you are." Jamie said. He let go of Luke's face and held the blonde's forearms in his hands. "A fighter." He brushed the scar over Luke's cheek. "A klutz." Then gently traced the scar over Luke's eye. "And a guy just trying to do good in the world."

He leaned down to press his lips against Luke's. "And I love all of you."

Luke's eyes widened before he laughed. "Didn't peg you as a sap, Jay. You're not getting soft on me now, are ya?"

"I'm trying to be nice and this is how you repay me? Asshole." Jamie poked the tip of Luke's nose accusingly. Luke practically giggled as he sat up and placed a chaste kiss on Jamie's cheek, wrapping his arms around Jamie's waist in a warm hug.

"Well, if you want me to repay ya so bad, how about I show you how much I appreciate it?" Luke whispered in Jamie's ear mischievously.

Jamie smirked. "You better not disappoint."

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